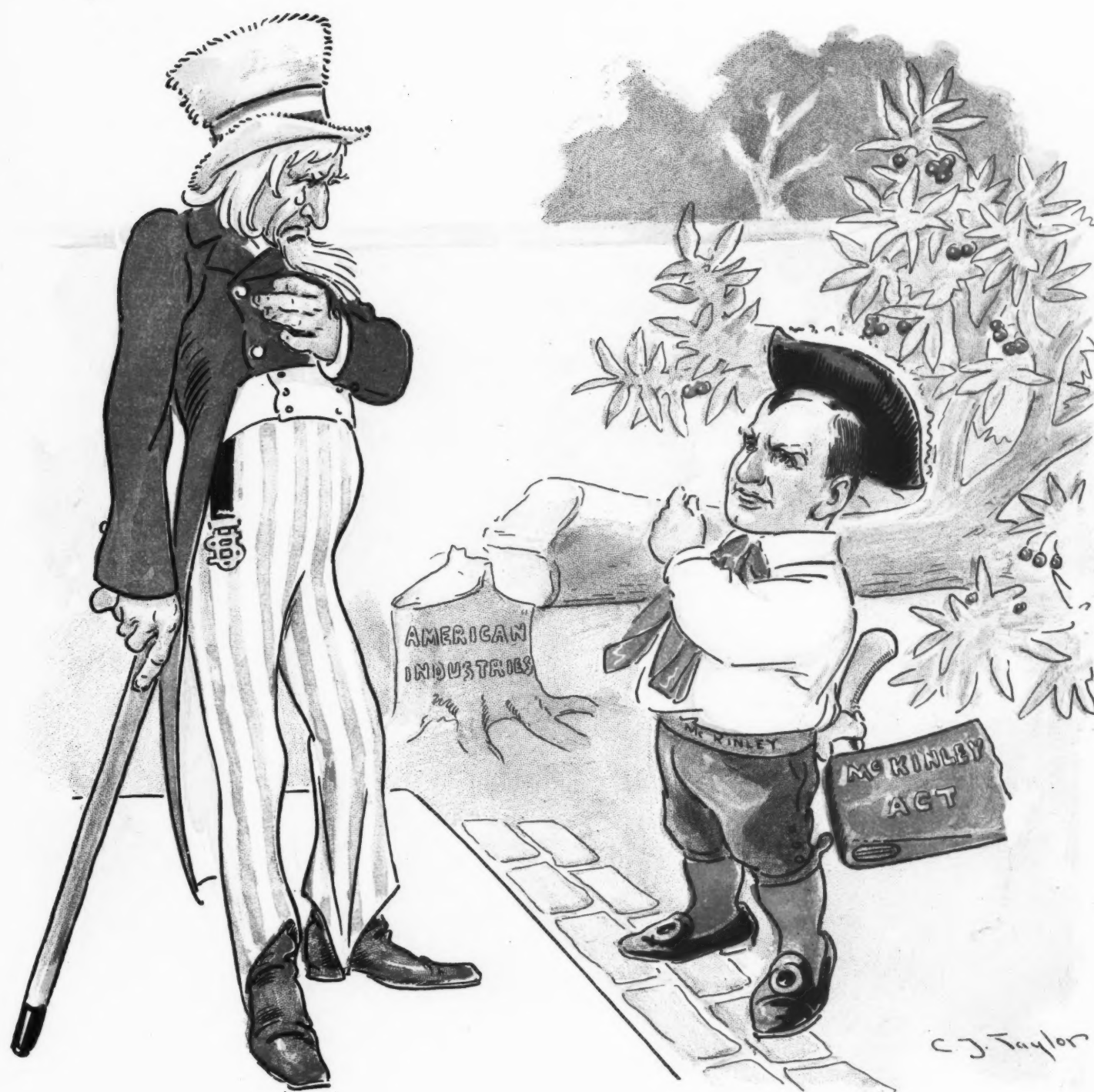


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# Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



UP TO DATE!

TRUTHFUL BILL.—I can not tell a lie, Uncle -- Grover did it.



**PUCK,**  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Keppeler & Schwarzmann,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, February 21st, 1894. - No. 885.

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**CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.**

**ON THE STRAIGHT LINE POLICY.**

THERE was once a very sensible man who refused to buy an otherwise desirable house because it was said that the stable belonging to it was haunted. "Why," said a wondering friend, "you don't believe in ghosts, do you?" "No," said the man; "but John, my stable-boy, does." It is easy enough to demonstrate that this country is no worse off in the way of hard times than England, France or Germany, and that consequently the present depression in business is not caused by popular fear of congressional action in the matter of the tariff. But if the fact could be demonstrated by means of a table of logarithms, there would still be people who would believe in that particular kind of ghost, and so long as they do believe, their belief must necessarily influence the whole community. Therefore, the sooner that any line of policy that is determined upon by Congress is put into practical operation the better for the business interests of the whole country. Nothing will more surely remind the people of what they know already: that the tariff has seesawed up and down ever since the United States was a nation, and that hard times have come under every kind of tariff that ever was invented, high, low or moderate. It is always difficult at the first appearance of a period of business depression to find the cause of it, for the obvious reason that every dollar withheld from the money market may mean a separate and individual cause. But in nine cases out of ten, stringency in the money market is brought about, directly or indirectly, by overproduction; and the state of affairs in Europe shows that this case is no exception to the rule. Great Britain, France and Germany are certainly not hanging on the lips of our Congressmen at

Washington, and yet they are all in the same condition; except that with them it is a much more serious matter to have large numbers of men left without employment, because the European workman is not educated in the American school of self-government, and he is more apt to take to violence and disorder.

But there is little use in discussing such matters when practical demonstration is bound to come along sooner or later; and when it is really a condition and not a theory that confronts us. The one thing to be done at present is to make the new tariff an established fact with as little delay as possible; if it is only to show that the sun will continue to rise and the world to go round, even if a tariff bill devised by Democrats is let loose on the country. The business situation is improving daily; and if every possible element of doubt or uncertainty is by this means removed, whatever panicky feeling may have been a factor in the recent depression must be relieved at once. An unreasoning fear is the hardest of all fears to dispel, and it is perhaps more potent in its influence than any other kind of fear. A horse that will carry its rider through a buffalo-hunt may shy and run away at the sight of a bit of white paper in the road. There are plenty of people in every country of the world who have this instinctive predisposition to fear the unknown. If there were not there would be fewer hard times. To tell such people that a certain impending event will bring disaster with it, is to fill them with a terror which they can not combat, no matter how absurd the prediction may be. To the end of the world, we suppose, there will be people who will worry themselves over an eclipse of the sun or a display of Northern Lights. And if they are afraid, they are afraid, and the fact that they ought not to be has nothing to do with it.

Nothing brings this class of people back to their senses but the passage of the event. After that they are calm and cool, and as reasonable as you want them. The new tariff bill will, we are sure, do a great deal in many ways to stimulate the industries of the country, and to build up business generally; but the most prompt effect that it can have upon our financial prosperity will be the relief it will bring to certain minds, to which it needs to be proved that its advent will not be followed by earthquakes or other convulsions of nature. For this, as well as every other consideration, the Democratic party can not be too expeditious or too direct in carrying out the work it has in hand.



**AS IT MIGHT BE.**

IT WAS the chairman of the committee that rejected the St. Gaudens medal who arose to his feet.

"I see," he said, while a deep hush fell upon the Senate; "I see that the Wilson bill openly advocates and calls for the free admission into this country of undressed lumber!"

There were loud cries of "Shame!" "Shame!" and some of the older Senators were seen to hide their blushing faces in the folds of their large, clean handkerchiefs.

The amendment that all undressed lumber should be draped was carried unanimously. And then, after resolving to stand by Senator Hill in his efforts to purify politics by confirming no presidential appointments not endorsed by Tammany, the great and good Senate of 1894 adjourned.

**THE INDEPENDENT.**

JOHNNY ASKINGLEIGH.—Paw, wot's a heretic?

MR. ASKINGLEIGH.—A religious mugwump. Now, don't bother me any more!

**AN AMENDMENT.**

THE PATENT MEDICINE MAN.—We'll have to make a slight change in the form of our advertisement.

HIS PARTNER.—Have you discovered something new for which our specific is an infallible cure?

THE PATENT MEDICINE MAN.—I have. Just add to the advertisement: "An invaluable tonic for indisposed chameleons."

**A MISUNDERSTANDING.**

SAPSMITH (*terribly agitated*).—Oh, that is awful! And will the poor fellah never be able to see again?

STEELE.—See again? What are you talking about?

"Why, have n't you just told me that Bertie Hyroller had his eyes shot out this mawning?"

"Naw! I said he had his ice-yacht out this morning."

"DON'T YOU think little Carrie Chickabiddy is very clever?"

She writes such sarcastic sketches, and shows off her friends in such ludicrous lights."

"I had n't thought much about it, but she certainly has one advantage over Dr. Holmes in her dialogues."

"Oh! do you think that?"

"Yes. You know it was n't safe for him to be as funny as he could."

**THE LAST RESORT.**

PARKER.—What is that railroad syndicate of yours going to do?

BARKER.—Well, we've tried hard to sell the charter, but it begins to look as though we'd have to build the road to make anything out of it.

**A LOST ART.**

When wisdom first to woman came—

What pity it should now forsake her!—

Without a scruple she became,

To Adam's joy, her own dressmaker.



THE BOSS AND HIS TYPE-WRITER.





## A DIFFERENT VIEW.

MISS SNOBBERY-SNOBB.—Yes; this is one of my ancestors—Lady Mary Fitz-Mud. And, those are her arms. Are n't they exquisite?

MR. DAWSON (*mistaking the arms*).—Aw—Miss Snobb! I would hardly say "exquisite" was the word, y' know!

## HIS HOBBY.

THE OFFICE BOY.—Mr. Jenkins has been in to collect his bill.

MR. SHORT.—Has he? Confound Jenkins! That's a fad of his—trying to collect bills.

## HIS HEALTH ASSURED.

The Sultan started.

"Say those words again!" he commanded, peremptorily.

The court physician bowed.

"Married men," he repeated, "are shown by statistics to be less susceptible to the grip *bacillus* than single men."

His Majesty referred to a large book.

"Three hundred and sixty-nine in good and regular standing," he read. "Sirrah—"

He was addressing the chamberlain, in a loud, decisive tone.

"—I shall not, after all, put on those sand-paper flannels of mine, cold wave or no cold wave!"

## HIS TRAINING.

JINKS.—What made Knifely such a skinflint in his old age?

FILKINS.—Well, he began life as a policeman; there he learned not to pay for his drinks; he then became an Assemblyman; that taught him not to pay fare; and, when he finally became a millionaire, he learned not to pay his taxes. There was n't much left but the debt of Nature.

## THE NATURE OF AMERICAN HUMOR.

BRITON.—If your Great American Joke is so great, why can't we Europeans see it?

AMERICAN.—Because it is generally at your expense.

## FOLLOWING UP THE RESEMBLANCE.

HOJACK.—Mrs. Glanders can read her husband like a book.

TOMDIK.—Yes; and she can shut him up like one, too.

## A SLUMBER ABATER.

He'd not slumber through church, and lose heaven,  
If they'd hustle a bit and not wait;  
But regret, wide awake, what he'd given,  
If their first act were passing the plate.



## "THE SUBURBAN HANDICAP."



## VULGAR DISPLAY.

ROSENBAUM.—So hellup me! How Goldstein worships der almighty tollar! Shoost look at dot sofa!



BY H.C. BUNNER.

No. II.

# MR. VINCENT EGG AND THE WAGE OF SIN.

MR. VINCENT EGG and the daughter of his washerwoman walked out of the front doorway of Mr. Egg's lodging-house into the morning sunlight, with very different expressions upon their two faces.

Mr. Vincent Egg, although he was old and stout and red-nosed and shabby in his attire, wore a look that was at once timorous, fatuous, and weakly mendacious; a look that tried to tell the possible passer-by that his red nose and watery eyes bloomed and blinked in the smiles of Virginie. Virginie, although she was young and pretty and also thin of face and poverty-stricken of garb, wore a look which told you plainly, and most honestly beyond a question, that she had no smiles for Mr. Egg or for any one else. They walked down the middle of the street side by side, but that they could not very well help doing, for the street was both narrow and dirty, and the edges of the stone gutter down its midway offered the only cleanly foothold in its entire breadth. As they walked on together, Mr. Egg made a few poor-spirited attempts to start up a gallant conversation with the girl; but she made no response whatever to his remarks, and strode on in dark-faced silence, her empty wash-

basket poised between her lank right hip and her thin right elbow. Mr. Egg hemmed and cleared a husky throat, and employed both his unsteady hands in setting his tall, shabby silk hat upon his head in such a manner that its broad brim might keep the sunlight out of his eyes.

Mr. Vincent Egg was in the little city of Drignan on business. His lodgings were in the rue des Quatres Mulets, because they were the cheapest lodgings he could find. There are prettier towns than Drignan, and even in Drignan there are many better streets than the rue des Quatres Mulets. But it was much the same to Mr. Egg. He took shabby lodgings, the rebuffs of the fair, the sunlight of other men's fortunes dazzling his weak eyes — all these things he took with an easy indifference of mind so long as life gave him the little he asked of it, namely: a periodic indulgence in

alcoholic unconsciousness. A simple drunk, once a month, of at least a week's duration, was what Mr. Egg's soul most craved and desired; but if his fluctuating means made the period of intoxication briefer or the period of sobriety longer, he bore either event with a certain simple heroism. He wanted no "spree," no "toot," no "tear;" a modest spell of sodden, dreamy, tearfully happy soaking in the back-room of some cheap wine-shop where he and his ways were known — this was all that remained of ambition and aspiration in Mr. Egg's life; which had been, for the rest, a long life, a harmless life (except in the stern moralist's sense), and a life that was decidedly a round, complete and total failure in spite of an exceptional allotment of abilities and opportunities. Mr. Egg had been many things in the course of that long and varied life — lawyer, doctor, newspaper-man, speculator, actor, manager, horse-dealer and race-track gamester, croupier, (and courier, even, after a fashion) — and heaven knows what else beside, of things avowable and unavowable. Just at present, he was supplying an English firm of Tourist-Excursion Managers with a guide-book of their various routes, at the rate of eighteen-pence per page of small type, and his traveling expenses — third-class. He had just finished "doing up" the district last allotted to him; and, after two weeks' of traveling about, he had spent another fortnight in writing up his notes in a dingy little lodging-house room in the rue des Quatres Mulets. He knew his ground thoroughly, and that was the cheapest place.

Such was Mr. Vincent Egg, after a half-century of struggle with the world; and something of an imposing figure he made, too, in his defeat and degradation. His nose was red, his cheeks were puffed and veined, there were bags under his blood-shot eyes, his close cropped hair was thin, his stubby little gray moustache, desperately waxed at the ends, gave an incongruously foreign touch to his decidedly Anglo-Saxon face — and his clothes were shockingly shabby. But then he wore his clothes, as few men in our day can wear clothes; and they were his clothes; his very own, and not another's. People often spoke of him, after seeing him once, as "that big, soldierly-looking old man in the white hat." But he did not wear a

white hat. His hat, which was one of the largest, one of the jauntiest and one of the oldest ever seen, had also been, in its time, one of the blackest. It was his coat that gave people an idea of his having something about him that suggested white. It was a tightly-buttoned frock-coat of an indescribable light-dirty color. Most hopelessly shabby men cling to some standard of taste in dress that was the standard in their last remembered days of prosperity. That coat — if it were one coat and not only one of a long-lived family — marked the fact that the last season of prosperity Mr. Egg had enjoyed was a season, now some twenty years gone, when the London "swells" or "nobs," or whatever they called them then, wore frock coats of certain fashionable light shades of fawn and mouse-color, then known, I believe, as "London smoke" and "French gray." While it can not be said that Mr. Egg's coat was familiar in every quarter of Europe (for it rarely staid long enough in any one place), it had certainly been seen in all. And more than one Austrian officer, after passing Mr. Egg in that garment of pallid, dubious and puzzling hue, had turned sharply around to satisfy himself that it was not a uniform-coat in a condition of profanation. A certain state and dignity that still clung to this coat, and the startling cleanness of his well-scissored cuffs and collars were all that remained to give Mr. Egg a hold upon exterior respectability.

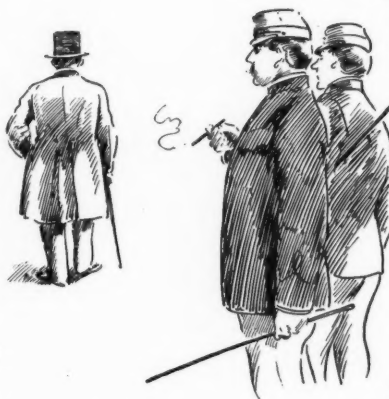
With such a history, Mr. Egg was naturally well versed in the freemasonry of poverty and need. As his eyes became accustomed to the sun, he looked at the girl's pinched face, and his tones suddenly changed. Vincent Egg spoke several languages and knew all their social dialects and variations. It was in friendly and familiar speech that he addressed the girl, and asked her — What was the matter? and, Was the business going ill?

If Virginie had been the poor girl you meet with in the stories written by English ladies of a mildly religious turn of mind, she would have dropped a little curtsy and said with a single tear, "Indeed, sir, I had not meant to speak; but you have hit upon the truth. The business goes very ill, indeed, and without help I do not see how my poor mother can survive the Winter." But Virginie, obeying the instincts of her nature and her education, responded to Mr. Egg with a single coarse French adjective which is only to be rendered in English, I am afraid, by the word "stinking."

Mr. Egg was not in the least shocked. He cast his blinking eyes about him at the filthy roadway, at the narrow old stone houses that crowded both sides of the street with the peaked roofs of their overhanging upper-stories, almost shutting out the sky above his head, at the countless century-old stains of damp and rust and shameful soilure upon their dull faces, and he said simply:

"Fichue locale!"

Thereby he amply expressed to his hearer his opinion that if the business deserved the adjective she had accorded it, the explanation was to be found in its unfortunate location. This opened the flood-gates of Virginie's speech. She told Mr. Egg that he was entirely right about the location, and gave him a few casual corroborative details which showed him that she knew what she was talking about. She also confided to him enough of her family affairs to account for the bitterness of her spirit and her contempt for mirthful dalliance. It was nothing but the old endless story of poverty in one of its innumerable variants. This time the father, a jobbing stone-





mason, had not only broken his leg in Marseilles, but on coming out of the hospital had got drunk, assaulted a gend'arme, made a compound fracture of it, and laid himself up for several months. This time the mother had a rheumatic swelling of one arm, which hindered her in her washing. This time the eldest boy had got himself into some trouble in trying to evade the performance of his term of military duty. This time the youngest child had some torturing disease of the spine that necessitated — or rather needed — an operation.



And, of course, as at all times, there were five or six hungry mouths, associated with as many pairs of comparatively helpless hands, between Virginie and that youngest. And as to business, that was certainly bad. It was particularly bad of late — although it was always bad in Drignan. Virginie told Mr. Egg that he was "rudement propre," or "blazing clean" — clean as they were not in Drignan, she assured him. In fact, it appeared, this strange English gentleman who had paid as high as a franc-and-a-half a week for his washing, had been accepted by Virginie's family as designed in the mercy of Divine Providence to tide them over their period of distress. His departure at the end of two weeks was a sore disappointment in a financial point of view.

Vincent Egg was a kind-hearted man, and he listened to this recital, and uttered sympathetic ejaculations in the right places. He was sorry about the youngest child, very sorry; he had known a case like it. Perhaps, he suggested, business might pick up. Messrs. Sculry & Co., the great English managers of Tourists' Excursions, were going to make Drignan a stopping-place for their excursions on the way to Avignon. It was going to be a stopping-place of only a few hours, but, perhaps, it might bring some business. Who knew? Virginie brightened up when she heard this, and said that was so. Those English, she remarked, were always washing — no disrespect intended to the gentleman.

"And here," she said, as they came abreast of a narrow gateway on the other side of the street from Mr. Egg's lodging-house, "is where I live. It is on the ground floor. Will Monsieur come in and see the baby?" And her eyes lit up for the first time with a real interest — the interest, half-proud and half-morbid, of a poor, simple creature who longs to exhibit to the world the affliction of monstrosity which sets her poor household apart from others of its kind.

Now, Mr. Egg had not the slightest desire to see the baby, and he had no intention whatever of going in; but, glancing through the narrow doorway, he saw a succession of arches in the courtyard beyond, and some

solid bits of mediæval masonry, which excited his curiosity. If this were the remains of some old monastery that had escaped his notice, it might mean a half-page more — nine-pence — in his guide book. He strolled in by Virginie's side, heedless of her chatter. No; it was not the ruin of an ecclesiastical structure. The courtyard was only a part of an old stable and blacksmith-shop; old, but no older probably than the rest of that old street, which might have been standing at the time of Louis XIV — though it probably was n't. From its proximity to a canal that marked the line of an old moat, Mr. Egg made a safe guess that it was a small remnant of the stables and farriery attached to the barracks of the original fortifications of the town.

At any rate, it was no fish for the net of Messrs. Sculry & Co.'s guide-book compiler; and, he was turning to go, when Virginie, who had supposed that he was merely following in her lead, to feast his eyes upon the sick baby, said simply, as she pushed open a door, "This way, Monsieur," and, before he knew it, he had entered his wash-woman's room.

Although it was a ground-floor room, damp, dark and old, it was clean with a curious sort of cleanness that seems to belong to the Latin races — a cleanness that gives one the impression of having been achieved without the use of soap and water: as if everything had been scraped clean instead of being washed clean. Virginie's mother was clean, too, in spite of her swollen and helpless arm, and the three or four children who were playing on the stone floor were no dirtier than healthy children ought to be between washes. But Mr. Egg had hardly had time to take more than cursory note of these facts before his attention was riveted by the sick child in the French woman's arms — so pitiful a little piece of suffering childhood that a much harder-hearted man than Mr. Vincent Egg might readily have been shocked at the sight of it. As for Mr. Egg, he simply dropped into a seated posture upon a convenient bench, and stared in the fascination of pity and horror.

(Concluded in our next.)



#### NO IMPROVEMENT.

MR. PORKINGHAM.—You pay Mary's new singing teacher twice as much as you did the other one, don't you?

MRS. PORKINGHAM.—Yes; he's the most celebrated teacher in the city.

MR. PORKINGHAM (in disgust).—Well, he's a beat! Mary don't sing a bit louder now than she did when that cheap man was learning her.

#### SATAN'S LITTLE JOKE.

SHADE.—I want you to understand that I was a New York Alderman.

SATAN.—That makes no difference. You may have been a big gun on earth, but you don't cut any ice down here.

#### SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.

KING.—I think I know how the color-line could be wiped out in the South.

WING.—How?

KING.—Put the question to the people of any State whether the Governor should have the power to stop a prize-fight.

#### A PROMISING VENTURE.

WOOL.—I suppose you expect to make a lot of money out of your amateur theatricals?

VAN PELT.—Yes, indeed; no doubt it will go quite a way toward paying for the costumes.



#### IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

VISITOR.—But what bad grammar and outlandish words that Congressman is using in his speech! I supposed he was an educated man.

CICERONE.—Well, he is! But, you see, he represents a backwoods district, and the speech he is making is designed for home consumption.

HE.—Did n't you see me on the street to-day? I saw you twice.

SHE.—I never notice people in that condition.

# THE LOTT-TOOLE BURGLAR ALARM.



Mr. Howson Lott, and his neighbor, Mr. Gardner Toole, connect their houses by a wire, so that either can call the other, in case of burglars.



The same evening, Mr. Toole, while explaining the idea to some visitors, unwittingly pulls the wire.



Mr. Lott, who had retired, promptly responds to the summons.



Mr. Lott's sudden appearance at Mr. Toole's house causes surprise and amusement.



Mr. Lott accuses Mr. Toole of practical joking, and Mr. Toole accuses Mr. Lott of inebriety.



And now they meet as strangers.



## THE FIN DE SIÈCLE WAY.

ALLANT MAN (*aside*).—At last I have her all to myself. Now I can tell her how I love her, and ask her to be mine. How shall I do it, I wonder?

GENTLE MAID (*behind her fan*).—It is surely coming. I am so nervous and frightened! I know he is going to be terribly dramatic. I do hope I shan't have to help him up off from his knees. Goodness! why does n't he say something? I *must* break this horrible silence.

(*Aloud, recklessly*).—Have you ever been abroad?

GALLANT MAN (*smilingly*).—No; I'm saving it for a wedding-trip.

GENTLE MAID (*demurely*).—Why, how funny! So am I.

GALLANT MAN (*meaningly*).—Then, why should n't we take it together?

GENTLE MAID (*innocently*).—Possibly your wife and my husband might object to going in such a crowd.

GALLANT MAN (*brilliantly*).—The crowd would n't be objectionably large if your husband and my wife were husband and wife.

(*Further conversation disjointed and indistinct.*)

Alice Yates Grant.

## WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.

TAYLOR.—That boy of ours is very slow.

MRS. TAYLOR (*sharply*).—How do you make that out?

TAYLOR.—Why, see what other children have done at his age! I read that Mozart played the piano when he was five years old.

MRS. NEWWED.—I've brought three of these eggs back to change them.

GROCER.—They are strictly fresh, Ma'am.

MRS. NEWWED.—No doubt; but the shells are brown, while my new egg cups are blue.

"THE GREAT trouble with Duff is that he does n't know anything."

"Oh! on the contrary, that does n't trouble him at all."

WHEN MONEY talks, even the deaf-mute can get on to its meaning without the aid of signs.



## A JOKE ON THAT NATION.

WILLY (*looking at Chimpanzees*).—Father, I thought they always said that "God loves the Irish."

FATHER.—They do say so, my son. Why?

WILLY.—Well, what does he want to make fun of them that way for, then?



## EXCERPTS FROM THE METROPOLITAN PRESS.

60,000,000 LOAVES!

EVERY LOAF WILL SAVE A LIFE!

HELP THE *Whirl'd's* FREE BREAD FAKE.

YOU know that there are over two million people in this great city, and over 60,000,000 people in this great country? Do you know that these people are hungry *three times a day*? Think of that — *three times a day*! Every little helps! Send in your scads, and the *Whirl'd's* Free Bread Fake will feed them all. Listen to this one example of its beneficence: "God bless the *Whirl'd's* Free Bread Fake!" said Mrs. Warshinski, as the big tears rolled from her eyes and fell upon the curly head of her babe, the little Marcus Warshinski, whose coming was so welcome at Yom Kippur, eight years ago. "God bless the *Whirl'd's* Free Bread Fake!" she repeated. "We would have had to buy our bread but for it." The *Whirl'd* reporter gave one glance around the neat rooms at 821 Hester Street, and felt her words were but too true. The Warshinski family immigrated here some fifteen years ago. The father was a tailor. His industry, together with some money he had brought with him, soon enabled them to buy the large tenement house at the number given. This swept away their little hoard; and, to-day, the money that Mr. Warshinski earns, together with the rents they collect from their tenants, is all that keeps them from starving. True, Mrs. Warshinski has helped all she could by making up children's clothes for a large firm on Bleecker Street. This was but little, however, and, as Mrs. Warshinski



## INVALUABLE ASSISTANCE.

NEIGHBOR. — Yez hov a large family to support, Mr. Finnigan.

MR. FINNIGAN. — I hov thot, Mum; an' if they did n't all earn their own livin' I could n't do it at all, at all.

said, their modest bank account grows slowly, and the *Whirl'd's* Free Bread Fake has helped them greatly.

THE *HURLED'S* HAPPY HEARTS!

THIS IS A COLD CLIMATE!

EVERYBODY MUST WEAR CLOTHES!

EVEN THE ST. GAUDENS MEDAL MUST BE DRAPED!

Send your cast-off clothes and contributions to the *Hurled's* Free Clothing Fake. Send pants or trousers; either will do.

No matter how much money you have, you can not wear more than one suit of clothes at a time. Send your others to the *Hurled's* Free Clothing Fake. Think how many poor people on the East Side have no dress suits! At the Lady Boilermakers' Ball, how many were present who owned the dress suit they wore? Not one! Think of that! How can one dance with a happy heart in a hired dress suit? Remember, it is time for the East Side annual balls. The dress suits you may send will be the means of keeping the recipients of them from giving over their good



## OUR HEATERS.

MOTHER. — Ethel, come away from that register! Do you want to catch your death of cold? Have n't I told you never to stand in a draft?

money to the greedy maw of Cohen & Co., who have the dress-suit monopoly on the East Side.

"What do you think of the *Hurled's* Free Clothing Fake?" I asked of Mr. Moses Lowenthal, dealer in second-hand clothes, 910 Bayard Street.

"It is grandt, grandt!" he replied. "I pledge you mine vordt I vas aboutt to fail. Business vas no goot, undt my sdoek vos all run down. But I go me to der *Hurled's* Free Clothing Fake efery day, undt lay in a sdoek. How aboutt idt?" And Mr. Lowenthal gave one characteristic sweep of his hand around his well-stocked establishment.

A tour among all the second-hand clothing stores on the East Side was but the repetition of Mr. Lowenthal's experience. Dire failure was staring them in the face when the *Hurled's* Free Clothing Fake stepped in and saved them.

*Whirl'd's* Wants  
Work Wonders; and,  
if you see it in the  
Moon it's so; but  
the *Hurled's* mot-  
to is, "Do You  
Wear Pants?" And  
now is the time to  
subscribe to the Free  
Clothing Fake.

R. L. McC.

## A WINTER PIECE.

I SEE upon the snowdrift  
The white duck full of pride;  
Sometimes she seems to wobble,  
Sometimes she seems to glide.

And, while I watch her gayly  
Along the snowdrift skim,  
I think she thinks she's having  
A sort of frozen swim.

R. K. M.

WORTHY  
OF PUNISHMENT.

MR. GUMMEY (reading). — The only surviving son of Brigham Young is a monogamist.

MRS. GUMMEY (with virtuous indignation). — Well, I hope they will punish him as he deserves!



## A NATURAL UNFITNESS.

ONE OF THE PARTY IN DISTANCE. — Hurry up, there, or you'll be left!  
STEINBACH (of the Old Dominion Snowshoe Club). — Hurry up? I dinks I go home. I vas not puilt to wear dese dings, once.



J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building N.Y.

"WHO LAUGHS LAST







#### PROFITABLE.

TOMMY BYERS. — Jimminy! What you goin' to do with all them rags?

JIMMY COLLAR. — Going to sell 'em to the rag-man; — get two cents a pound for them.

TOMMY BYERS. — Where d' you git 'em?

JIMMY COLLAR. — Me mother was downtown shoppin' yesterday, and these are the samples she got.

#### NOT A FAILURE.

HUDSON. — Jones is very sick. Had an operation performed on him.

JUDSON. — It was n't successful, then?

HUDSON. — Yes, it was — very successful. It was a Wall Street operation.

#### RECOGNIZED THE SYMPTOMS.

"Who has No. 23?" asked the hotel clerk.

"Mr. Hayseed," replied the boy.

"That accounts for it," said the clerk. "He has just sent down word that he's got a bad attack of asthma and wants a doctor. Run up and turn off the gas."



#### PREPARED FOR EMERGENCIES.

ATTENDANT. — What 's your old man got his hands tied up like that for, Aunty?

UNCLE 'RASTUS' BETTF & HALF. — He wus boun' to see de poultry show, sah; an' he had me do it foh fear he might get absent-minded, sah!

#### HE AIMED HIGHER.

HOUSEKEEPER. — Did you ever do an honest day's work in your life?

TRAMP. — Yes, Mum; I was a railroad brakeman fer two days an' three nights.

"Then why did n't you stick to that honorable occupation? You might have been a railroad president by this time."

"Yes, Mum; but railroad presidents has got mighty unsartin' jobs nowadays, Mum. I 'm layin' low fer a receivership."

#### PROPINQUITY.

"The poor are always with us,"

"T is so the saying goes;

But wealthy people, also,

Are often pretty close.

*Williston Fish.*



#### A SHAMEFUL ACCIDENT.

DOLLY. — Aw, Cholly, me deah fellah, what can be the mattah?

CHOLLY (*in dire confusion*). — Oh, Dolly, call a cab, quick!

I 'm mortified nearly to death. The ferrule came off my cane wight here in this public thoroughfare!

#### THRIFT.

NORRIS. — What are you doing with that grate full of corks?

GAYBOY. — Trying to economize. I read somewhere that the poor in Europe make very satisfactory fires out of old champagne corks. Take off your coat, and I 'll ring for another bottle of fizz.

#### THE PIOUS WOMAN.

The resurrection she has kept,  
With joy she thinks upon it;  
And she believes in all, except  
The resurrection bonnet.

*J. J. O'C.*



#### COMPENSATION.

"I should think bicycle riding would contract the chest," said Dawson.

"It does," said Smithers; "but see what fine, full, rounded shoulders you get!"

#### THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

THE MINISTER. — Mr. Robinson wishes to present a window to the church. But I don't like the inscription he wishes placed on it.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE. — What is it?

THE MINISTER. — "Presented by Robinson, Jones & Co.; Dry Goods."

NEVER STRIKE a man for five dollars when he is down.





ONE GOOD FEATURE.

LIMPTY GIGGINS.—Kind lady, will you please give me —

THE LADY.—Oh, George! I know it is my darling George, come —

LIMPTY GIGGINS.—There's some mistake, lady. Who do you think I am?

THE LADY.—Think? I know! You are my long lost lover, come back to marry me.

REAL COMFORT AT LAST.

**H**OUSE-HUNTER.—Don't you think the rent of this flat rather high?

AGENT.—Comfort must be paid for, sir.

"I presume so; but —"

"Use your eyes, sir. No signs of steam heat here, sir; no, indeed, sir! no furnace, either. Every room has a stove-pipe hole leading into a chimney. You furnish your own stoves, sir, and have the inestimable privilege of regulating them to suit yourself!"

MEAN.

JESS.—George asked me last night to wear this ring for his sake.

BESS.—Rheumatism?



THE LADY (as LIMPTY breaks the record in running up the road).—My face ain't never-been my fortune, but it keeps tramps away, anyhow, when Papa is not home.

IT DID N'T GO FAR ENOUGH.



THE FATHER.—I'd like to get a couple of bottles of your anti-fat for my boy.



FATHER (a week later).—The boy took those two bottles, and just look at him!  
ANTI-FAT PROPRIETOR.—It appears to have done its work well.



FATHER (angrily).—Does it? Jimmy, stand off and let the gentleman look at you!

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**Pianos are the Best.**  
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 We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors, and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world; being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality, and, blending thoroughly, are superior to those mixed as wanted.  
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 39 Broadway, N. Y., Hartford, Conn., and 20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.  
 For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

**YEAST.**—Have you heard of our Congressman fighting any bill in Washington?  
**CRIMSONBEAK.**—Oh, yes; his hotel bill.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THERE are some friends who can't be good to you unless you will let them own you.—*Atchison Globe.*

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HE SAW.

**BEGGAR** (at lonely crossing).—Please, sir, won't yer give me a dime?

**GENTLEMAN.**—Why should a big, strong, able-bodied man like you take to begging?

**BEGGAR.**—Because I'm big an' strong an' able-bodied enough to enforce me demands. See?—*N. Y. Weekly.*

**ADAM** was put out of Eden for committing one sin, and yet there are liars and thieves who expect to be made welcome in heaven because their wives belong to the church.—*Ram's Horn.*



**THAT'S IT EXACTLY—**  
 it expresses the exhilarating sensation of that best and most healthful exercise for either sex—a ride on a  
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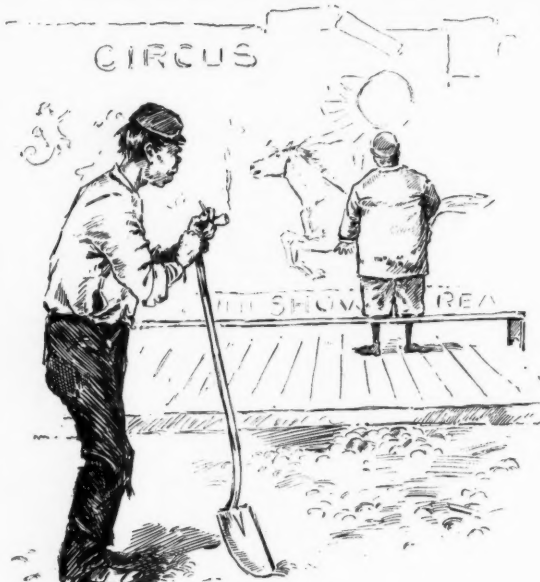
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**AT OPTICAL ILLUSION. — I.**



**CLANCY** (of the street-cleaning department).—Be Garry! Dose are de t'innest legs on de fattest boy ever I saw!—

**THE VINDICTIVE RABBIT.**

**FIRST RABBIT.**—There comes that city sportsman again.

**SECOND RABBIT.**—Well, if he does n't let us alone, I'll run in front of his prize-medal dogs, and let him shoot at me.

—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

**BLACKMAIL.**

**CALLER.**—I've found that there dorg that y'r wife is advertisin' five dollars reward fer.

**GENTLEMAN.**—You have, eh?


**CALLER.**—Yep; an' if ye don't give me ten dollars I'll take it to'er.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

**HIGHLY IMPROBABLE.**

**JINKS.**—What fool-stories these newspapers do print!

**WINKS.**—What have you struck now?

**JINKS.**—Here's a report that one of the Yale foot-ball team has been injured in a railroad collision.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*



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"Why, Yeast always has to mind it."—*Yonkers Statesman.*





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LITTLE BOY.—I want a dose of castor-oil.

DRUGGIST.—Do you want the kind you can't taste?

LITTLE BOY.—No, sir! It's for mother. — *Truth.*

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

AUNTIE.—It is n't good form to hold your fork in that way.

LITTLE NIECE.—Auntie, do you think it is good form to stare at people while they are eating? — *Street & Smith's Good News.*

GREAT men are those who profit the most from the fewest mistakes. — *Atchison Globe.*

WHEN a man approves of anything his wife does, he mumbles his approbation. — *Atchison Globe.*

THE blessing in disguise should greet us with a wink, if it expects to be recognized. — *Truth.*

IN order to show us the stars God had to give us night. — *Ram's Horn.*

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WHEN a man gets religion his horse is apt to find it out. — *Ram's Horn.*

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"I have found the lost Pleiad!"

"What?" the students inquired.

"I have found the lost Pleiad!" repeated the excited Professor.

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"Down the street."

"Let's see it."

"Here it is," responded the Professor, smiling, at the same time laying before their excited gaze PICKINGS FROM PUCK, 10th Crop, which is now in its steenth edition, and may be had of any newsdealer in the land for twenty-five cents.

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AN OPTICAL ILLUSION. — II.



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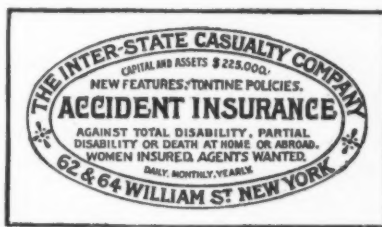
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FENDER.—Well, I confess I can't imagine a man becoming a murderer with levity. Taking life is a serious matter.

## VIRTUE REWARDED.

MOTHER.—Did you give sister the larger part of the apple, as I told you?

LITTLE JOHNNY.—Yes, Mama.

"That's noble. And did you not feel happier for it?"

"Yes'm. Her part was rotten.—*Street & Smith's Good News*.

WHEN a man helps his wife with her work, she has to drop what she is doing to wait on him.—*Atchison Globe*.



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FOND FATHER.—My boy does n't seem to be learning anything.

LONG-SUFFERING TEACHER.—No; I am afraid he is not improving very rapidly.

FOND FATHER.—Huh! Just as I thought. I'll send him to a better school.

—*Street & Smith's Good News*.

A MAN who courts trouble will soon find himself married to it.—*Atchison Globe*.

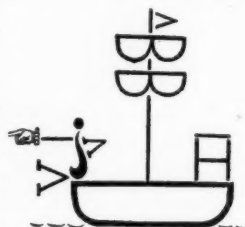
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### A TYPICAL ARTIST. - I.



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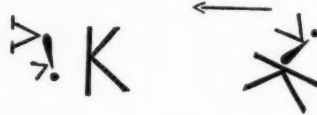


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Duel between Hobbs and Dobbs.

want to dodge, yourself. There is an exasperating coolness on the combatants' faces which our artist has most wonderfully portrayed.



Richard Cœur de Lion Overthrowing Saladin.

After a night with the boys  
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IT is only when he goes to church that the devil wears a long face.—*Ram's Horn*.

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Is one of the greatest charms a woman can possess. Pozzoni's Complexion Powder gives it.

### It's Quality They Want.

The Williams' Shaving Soap Company, whose advertisements are so often seen in this publication, say that they started out with the idea that a man is willing to pay a fair price for that which gives him pleasure applied externally, as for that which he puts down his throat with satisfaction.

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HEAVY plaid shawls and fur jackets are being used everywhere — by moths.—*Texas Siftings*.

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at World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893. JACOB STAHL, Jr. & CO., Makers, 169th st. and 3d ave., New York. Perfecto. Send \$1.00 for sample box of 10 cigars.

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of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites is employed with great success in all ailments that reduce flesh and strength. Little ones take it with relish.

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The Tailor

145 & 147  
Bowery,  
New York.

You often hear of other extracts which claim to be "just as good" as

## Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef,

but these claims only call attention to the fact that the Company's Extract is

**THE STANDARD** for quality.

**OPIUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

**Try BARKEEPER'S FRIEND POLISH.**

It is n't taking medicine that hurts; it is making up your mind to it. — *Atchison Globe.*

### HE COULD STAND IT.

MR. MULHOOLY.—Phwat fur are yez makin' such a noise on thot pianny? Y'r drivin' me distracted wid y'r racket an' me head achin' loik it wud split in two paces.

DAUGHTER.—Them new neighbors nixt door has been complainin' of my playin'.

MR. MULHOOLY.—Begorra, hammer harder.—*Good News.*

MEN never become so old that they are not a little scared by a bluff.—*Atchison Globe.*

GOOD fortune sometimes comes to see us in a very shabby-looking carriage. —*Ram's Horn.*

### Coffee

is rendered more wholesome and palatable if instead of using milk or cream you use the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, or if you prefer it unsweetened, then Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream.

We have recently received many complaints from tradespeople in NEW HAVEN, WATERBURY, DANBURY, and other cities in

### CONNECTICUT,

that they have been victimized by persons who take contracts for space in this paper and collect for the same, but never render the required service.

We warn all Merchants against paying money on our account to persons unknown to them, and to place their favors for space in PUCK direct, either with us, or with some reputable Advertising Agency, as we employ no Traveling Agents, either for Advertisements or for Subscriptions.

KEPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers of PUCK, New York.

### WHAT HE HOPED.

FIRST BOY.—Why were n't you out to-day? Sick?

SECOND BOY.—Yes; been lyin' down all day.

"What's the matter?"

"I don't know yet; but I hope it's small-pox. I've heard they don't give cod-liver oil for small-pox."

—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

GIVE a friend a club, and he is very apt to hit you over the head with it.—*Atchison Globe.*

A BOY'S face always looks as if he had just been eating something. —*Atchison Globe.*

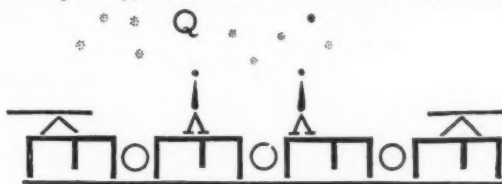
Brain fatigue from wear and tear speedily restored by Bromo-Seltzer.

**HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE.**

No. 31, 33, 35 & 37 East Houston St., BRANCH, N. E. cor. William & Spruce Sts., NEW YORK.

### A TYPICAL ARTIST.—II.

Another bloody picture of his is "Richard Cœur de Lion Overthrowing Saladin." The scene is full of action — Saladin especially, the war-horses are well drawn, and of the



Defense of Fort Pumpkin.

purest Arabian breed. The artist was refused three thousand dollars for this picture!

His animated and patriotic "Defense of Fort Pumpkin" has won him laurels, though the fort was lost. The cannon on the very lifeline, deathlike, shell with a about to explode is a night

The Soldiers' Chorus in "Faust."

"The Soldiers' Chorus in 'Faust'" is intensely dramatic, and stamps him, like smoke, as a portrayer of elegant costumes.

"A Keg of Ale" is excessively natural, and would be a success, but the artist's heart was nearly broken to find that draw as he would, he could draw no ale out of it.

A. W. Bellaw.



A Keg of Ale.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

EXPRESS a mean opinion of yourself occasionally; it will impress your friends with the fact that you still know how to speak the truth.—*Atchison Globe.*

If a woman says something discreditable of herself in the presence of her husband, and he does n't deny it, in three days she will say that he said it.—*Atchison Globe.*

H. E. CURTIS & CO'S LINEN LINED  
*Antwerp*  
TRADE MARK  
25¢  
**BEST AWARD**  
**WORLD'S FAIR**  
FACTORIES  
TROY, N. Y.

A WOMAN never admits she is hungry. She says she feels "faint." — *Atchison Globe.*

A MAN who sings, and has red curly hair, needs particular watching. — *Atchison Globe.*

It is awful to see some people try to laugh when they are not amused.—*Atchison Globe.*

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Snap Shot and Time Exposure Magazine Camera.  
Takes 6 pictures without reloading. Can be reloaded in open daylight.  
**THE PHOTORET**  
A POCKET WONDER  
Photoret, Nickel plated with Magic magazine and films for 36 exposures with full instructions by express on receipt of \$2.50.  
Send stamp for illustrated booklet. Photoret Photo free if you mention this paper.  
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MAGIC INTRODUCTION CO., 321 Broadway, N. Y.

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**TROKONET**  
is ready?  
Ask any photographic supply dealer or the manufacturers.  
**THE PHOTO-MATERIALS CO.**  
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Highest Honors at the World's Fair.

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**Snap-shot, Flash-light and time exposure pictures** readily taken by any amateur with our A and B Ordinary Kodaks. Twenty-four pictures without reloading—simple in construction, well made and handsomely finished.

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PRICE, LOADED FOR 24 EXPOSURES.

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Complete Developing and Printing Outfit, 1.50

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\$6.00 to \$100.00.  
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GRAND CENTRAL STATION in the centre of New York city.

The Hudson River for one hundred and fifty miles.

The beautiful Mohawk Valley in which are some of the finest landscapes in America.

Niagara Falls, the world's greatest cataract.

The Adirondack Mountains, "the Nation's pleasure ground and Sanitarium."

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The Thousand Islands, the fisherman's paradise.

The New York and Chicago Limited, the most luxurious train in the world.

Are a few of the many attractions offered the public by the **NEW YORK CENTRAL,** "America's Greatest Railroad."

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**LYONS**  
**SILK AND WOOL FABRICS.**

Armure Pointillé, Veloutine Faconné, Veloutine Barre, Plain Colored Veloutine, Bengaline. White and Colored Veloutine and Cords for Evening Wear.

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NEW YORK.

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CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send you this beautiful gold finished watch by express for examination. You examine it at the express office, and if you think it a bargain, pay our sample price \$2.75 and express charge and it is yours. It is magnificently engraved, open face, cut shows back of case, and equal in appearance to a genuine Solid Gold watch. A guarantee for 5 years and beautiful gold plate chain and charm sent free with every watch, write to-day, this may not appear again, mention whether you want gents' or ladies' size. **NATIONAL WATCH & IMPORTING CO.,** 334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

A new edition of PUCK No. 878, containing the Cartoon,

**A Picture without Words,**

is now ready. All Newsdealers.

MARION HARLAND says that the coming woman will have her own bank account. This is good news—for the coming man.—*Texas Siftings.*

PUCK.



"That's a clever toy. I'll take one home to Tommy."



"Now, I'll go in here and see about those things Maria asked me to buy."



"Whew! How can I ever get through this crowd?"



CHORUS OF SHOPPERS.—A mouse! A mouse!!



"I'll let it stay there till I get through."

UNEXPECTED LUCK; or, HOW MR. SHOPFORD "GOT THERE."



"That mouse was the best quarter's-worth I ever bought!"

Opber